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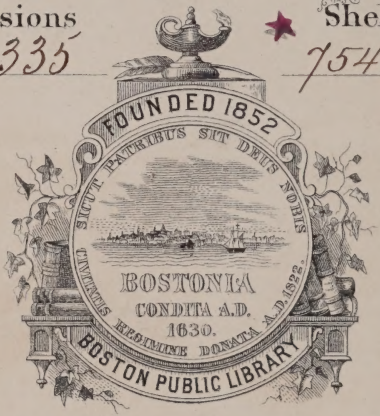

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THE

COLONIAL CHURCH OF VIRGINIA.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY P. SLAUGHTER, D.D.,

HISTORIOGRAPHER OF THE DIOCESE OF VIRGINIA,

AT RICHMOND, MAY 21, 1885.

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COLONIAL CHURCH OF VIRGINIA.

An Address

DELIVERED BY P. SLAUGHTER, D.D., HISTORIOGRAPHER OF THE DIOCESE OF VIRGINIA, AT THE CENTENNIAL COUNCIL IN THE CITY OF RICHMOND ON THE 21ST OF MAY, 1885.

"EN DAT VIRGINIA QUINTAM."
MOTTO OF SEAL OF VIRGINIA.

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"En dat Virginia Quintam." — *Motto of seal of Virginia.*

THERE is a God in history. History is a drama of Divine Providence; and, to my mind, one of the greatest of all marvels is, that myriads of men, each doing his own will, are all marching (unwittingly it may be) towards the realization of the Divine Idea, as seemingly antagonizing forces in the heavens result in a sublime harmony.

I cannot think that it was a mere coincidence, that the revival of letters and of the arts, the discovery of printing and of the polarity of the needle, just succeeded the reformation of religion, and just preceded the discovery of America. It looks as if the new ideas and the new instruments of that era demanded a new world for their development, and as a fulcrum for the new levers, which were to lift the old world out of the old routine, and bring it under the influence of serener heavens, and of an awakening spring. The minds of meditative men were expectant of great changes, and of a new world as the scene of them. The old fables

of the Islands of the Blessed, of the golden Gardens of the Hesperides, of the lost Atlantis of Plato, and of the Ingens Tellus of Seneca, were revived. And, more remarkable still, James Harrington a little later predicted and pictured a coming free republic, fairer than had yet been seen, which he thought could not be realized in England, but was reserved for the descendants of Englishmen in a new Atlantis beyond the seas.

The discovery of America overturned the geographical systems of the ancients; the opening of her mines produced a revolution in commerce; and the plantation of her colonies gave land to the landless, a home to the adventurer, and an asylum to the exile, from all lands, where each might find a freer life and a fresher nature. It disclosed an open field where truth and error might have a fair fight, and where Church and State, which had been so long leaning on each other, might, in the contemplation of a new world, fresh, as it were, from the hands of the Creator, outgrow the fetters which impeded their progress, and, by toilsome marches through Sloughs of Despond and over Mountains of Difficulty, with bleeding feet, at last reach that serene height on which, according to the laurelled poet of England, "Freedom sat of old," and, under her inspiration, accomplish a revolution which had no parallel in the annals of the world, and rear civil fabrics which had no model on the face of the globe.

As "coming events cast their shadows before," it was fit that events of so much magnitude should have their appropriate heralds and attendants. For the ancient and mediæval world, the Mediterranean Sea was the

great highway of human intercourse, and, as has been sententiously said, the one "sea of history." Egypt, Palestine, Greece, and Italy all lay around it. But times change. The old nations went to the rear; and Portugal and Spain, France and England, came to the front, and looked out upon the wide Atlantic. The attraction of the New World was added to the moving forces let loose by the Reformation. Then began that series of battles, from Louis XIV. to Napoleon Bonaparte, which Professor Holmes of the University of Virginia long ago, and Professor Seely of Cambridge lately, have shown, by a large induction of particulars, were fought for the possession of the New World. Whether the scene of these battles was Europe, Asia, Africa, or America, the New World was the "prize for which they fought." How this view dignifies and invests with new interest the battles of which Virginia was the field during the colonial era! By the light of these facts they are seen to be acts in the drama of Divine Providence, by which Virginia became the heritage of the people and of the institutions of England, instead of those of France or of Spain. The rivalry of princes, the ambition to make a name, the lust of gold, and the spirit of knightly adventure, inflamed the minds of men; and, under these impulses, vessels were traversing every sea, raising crosses in every land they touched, and exploring rivers with the hope of finding a middle inland passage to Cathay, of whose riches mariners told such bewitching stories. Charters had been given by the kings of England, to divers companies, for settlements in Virginia, — which name covered the whole eastern

coast of America. The gallant Sir Walter Raleigh and others had failed in their efforts to make a permanent plantation. Spain and France were ahead of England in America. The people were impatient. The poets felt the inspiration of the hour, and gave expression to thoughts and emotions which were beating in many hearts. Drayton, in his "Poly-Olbion," gave utterance to these thoughts in the words, —

"Britons, you stay too long.
Quickly aboard bestow you;
And, with a merry gale,
Swell your stretched sail
With vows as strong
As the winds that blow you,
To get the pearl and gold,
And ours to hold
Virginia,
Earth's only paradise.
And in regions far
Such heroes bring ye forth
As those from whom we came;
And plant our name
Under that star
Not known to our North."

In January, 1606–7, three frail barks left the Downs in England, and, after a circuitous voyage, were driven by a storm into the capes of Virginia on the 26th of April, 1607, not knowing where they were. They landed on the south cape, and erected a cross, calling it Cape Henry, after the son of King James. On the 28th, says Percy, they "discovered up the bay," and found a river on the south side, "running into the

main." Here they were regaled by the wild flowers blooming on the banks, and by strawberries blushing in the grass. Finding the water too shallow in the mouth of the river, they rowed to a point of land where, finding from six to twelve fathoms, they were "put in good comfort," and called the place Cape (or Point) Comfort. On the 30th they coasted to Kichotan[1] (Hampton), and, continuing their explorations up the river, finally (May 13) came to "Paspehas Country," where they moored their ships to the trees in six fathoms of water; and on the 14th of May they landed, and laid the foundation of the first permanent plantation of Englishmen on the continent, — the site of the first city, the first parish, and the first church, and the scene of the first baptism,[2] the first marriage, the first Holy Communion, in "his Majesty's ancient colony and dominion of Virginia," and of the first Representative Assembly in America. On the 21st of May (this day two hundred and seventy-eight years ago), Capts. Newport, Smith, Archer, and Percy, with others, ascended the river, resolved, they say, not to return without finding either "the head of the river, the reported lake, the sea, or some other issue." They had interviews with the Indians at Weyanoke, called upon the queen of the Appomattox at her wigwam, and were interrupted, they say, by "great craggy stones in the midst of the river, where the water falleth so rudely that not any boat can

[1] This word is variously spelled by different authors, — Kechoughtan, Kichetan, Kichotan, etc.

[2] The first Indian baptized by Protestants in America was Manteo at Roanoke (1595), whom Raleigh appointed Lord of Roanoke.

possibly pass." On an islet at the foot of the falls, they erected, on Whit Sunday, the 24th (and it is curious that next Sunday is Whit Sunday, and the 24th of May), a cross with this inscription: "Jacobus Rex, 1607;" and in a fit of loyalty, but with wretched taste, they changed the name of the river from imperial Powhatan to the royal James, proclaiming King James of England to have the most right to it, says Percy.

On the 27th of May they returned to James Fort, as they then called Jamestown, in honor of their new triangular fort, which had been thrown up for their protection against the Indians. On the 10th of June, Capt. Smith, who had been excluded from the council, was sworn in. They spent some weeks in "palisadoing" the fort, which had been assailed by four hundred Indians during their absence.

On the 21st of June, they had their first public religious service in a grove. "The groves were God's first temples," and the grandest cathedrals are dwarfed in their presence. Of them it may be said with more truth than Byron said of St. Peter's at Rome, —

> "Thou, of temples old or altars new,
> Standest alone, with nothing like to thee, —
> Worthiest of God, the Holy and the True."

The pulpit was a plank nailed to two trees; the seats were unhewn logs. The congregation numbered about one hundred: we have a list of their names. Fifty-five are set down as gentlemen, and the remainder as laborers, mechanics, bricklayers, smiths, and a barber. The

minister, Rev. Robert Hunt, read the first Church-service, preached the first sermon, and administered the first Holy Communion to worshippers kneeling upon their mother-earth. The wilderness, whose awful silence had hitherto been unbroken save by the war-whoop of the Indians, the screams of the eagle, and the voices of other wild birds and beasts, now resounded with the Word of God and the trumpet tones of our grand old liturgy. Thus was inaugurated the Colonial Church of Virginia. We would like to dwell upon the picturesque phases of our primitive Church, describing the three successive edifices of timber and the first one of brick, and the apostolic character of our first missionaries; but I cannot do this without repeating what I have lately contributed to Bishop Perry's "Centennial History of the American Church." And an event now occurred pregnant with such momentous consequences to the present day as to demand especial attention and illustration.

Just before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, a Dutch ship ascended the James River, and landed at Jamestown twenty African slaves; and the white man and the red man and the black man stood face to face, and gazed upon each other, in the New World. What a subject for a grand historical picture by an artist who had the "vision and the faculty divine" to see lying hid in this group the germs of the history of these three races, which have been unrolled before our eyes! From this point in space and this moment in time, these three races started upon a new career of development. The white man ran up the rivers, transcended the moun-

tains, and poured along the plains, until the western sea seemed to say to the wave of Anglo-Saxon people, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther; and here shall thy proud waters be stayed." The red man melted away before the pale faces like the snow before the sun. He retired from Tidewater to Piedmont, and over the hills, and far away towards the setting sun, as if he could find rest for his weary feet only in the bosom of the Pacific Ocean, or was destined to realize the fate of the crew of the fabled phantom ship —

> "Whose bark rides on and on,
> And anchored ne'er shall be."

Now, what was it that distinguished the fates of these two races? The white man was the heir of a long line of illustrious ancestors. Behind him was the history of England. He brought with him the language, the laws, the literature, the religion, and the arts and arms, of England. The red man had no historical past, no literature, not even an alphabet, and no monument but the rude mounds which mark the graves of his sires. It was another illustration of the law, that, where two races come into competition, the weaker must go to the wall, — the law of the survival of the fittest. But how came the black man to escape the fate of the Indian? He had no historical past. For ages his forefathers had roamed over their native wilds without adding one cubit to his intellectual or moral stature, or contributing one mite to the progress of humanity. Here we must again adore that mysterious Providence by which the Africo-American "was bound to the car of the Anglo-Ameri-

can," and, through the manual-labor school of slavery, was borne onward and upward, until he reached an intellectual, moral, and religious stature which had never been attained by his race, in any age of the world or any clime under the sun. For aught we know, this may have been the best discipline for teaching the rudiments of civilization to the savage; that, when the fulness of time had come, his fetters might fall, and he stand, as he does to-day, upon the same political platform with the white man, equal before the law, and having a voice in the government of this great Republic: while the poor Indian, original lord of the soil, is still denied the rights of a citizen. "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." It is thus He makes the wrath of man to praise Him, and restrains the remainder thereof.

The religious education of these races was devolved by Divine Providence upon the Colonial Church, because for a century after this meeting there was no other Christian organization in this colony.

And first as to the white race. We have already seen something of what was done by the infant Church to this date. Returning to the point of departure, let me say that Jamestown was the port of entry to which all ships must come before "breaking bulk," and was the centre of population from which lines of radiation ran to all points of the compass. The rivers were the chief roads along which the pioneers penetrated the wilderness. Hence the first counties and parishes were on both sides of broad rivers, it being easier to go to church and to court by water than by land. Hence

from 1634 there was a constant progression of peoples, counties, parishes, and churches, up James River and its tributaries, down James River, and up the Elizabeth and Nansemond, over to "Middle Plantation" (Williamsburgh), thence up York, Rappahannock, and Potomac, and the tributaries of each, to their head-springs in the great mountains. It was not until 1716 that Gov. Spotswood and his Knights of the Golden Horseshoe first lifted the blue veil which had hitherto hidden from the eye of the white man the valley of Virginia. Then the wave of people "poured through the passes," and, meeting a tide of Scotch-Irish and Germans from Pennsylvania, blended with it; and the course of empire continued its westward way. In 1734 the county of Orange, whose bounds were nominally the utmost limits of Virginia, was divided, and the counties of Frederick and Augusta were formed. These in process of time were broken up into other counties, to keep pace with the people, until the procession terminated in the *County* and *Parish* of *Kentucky*.

Over the Tidewater and Piedmontese sections, there still stand venerable monuments of this grand march of the Colonial Church, — the ruined tower at Jamestown, old St. Luke's in Isle of Wight, St. Paul's (Norfolk), St. John's (Hampton), Christ (Williamsburgh), Blandford, and Wood's, and others too many to mention, except old St. John's, which looks down upon us to-day from Richmond Hill, and seeming to echo to the other churches of the parish the words of the beloved apostle after whom it is named: "Little children, love one another."

Dr. Johnson, who was no sentimentalist, said, "I do not envy the man who can walk unmoved over historical ground, and whose piety does not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona;" and our own William Wirt said of the ruins at Jamestown, "I feel my soul drawn towards it by tender ties of sympathy, and I involuntarily open my mouth to offer consolation to the drooping pile." And I am confident that there is not one of my hearers who will not join me in saying, —

> More costly temples may around thee rise,
> To pierce with taper pinnacles the skies,
> Gorgeous with glittering dome and sculptured towers,
> As if the stone had bloomed in giant flowers;
> But none of these have charms for me
> Like those mossed roofs and green embroidery.

But there are other monuments of the Colonial era which will endure long after the old churches shall have crumbled into the dust from which they sprung. These are the names of the parishes and counties, which are historical, and point to persons and places and events in the old country and in the olden time. They perpetuate the memory of kings and queens, princes and princesses, statesmen and soldiers and battles, in English history. Although we have so many beautiful Indian names, our forefathers were so loyal that they preferred English names. There are only four counties in Eastern Virginia that have Indian names. All the others commemorate some member of the royal family, or English statesman, or soldier, or colonial governor. When you find a seeming exception, as Nelson or Madison, you may be sure they are new counties, made since the Declara-

tion of Independence. The same is true as to counties and parishes instituted in the valley before the Revolution. After that date, the new counties represent the new order, and are named after governors of the State, members of Congress, soldiers, and pioneer settlers, with a few Indian names. The change of Dunmore into Shenandoah, in 1777, is one of the first indications of the new era. It would be a mistake to suppose that this extension of the borders of the Church sprung out of the bosom of the Church. The Church had no power of self-motion. She was tied to the State, and the State carried the Church along with it. The method of progress was this: the State offered bounties to pioneers to penetrate the wilderness, and settle new plantations; and, when the settlers were too far from court-houses and churches to attend them, the State threw the net over them in the form of new parishes and new counties.

The great instruments of civilization in those days were courts, jails, whipping-posts, stocks, ducking-stools, and churches and church-wardens; the latter being civil officers, and a sort of *censors morum*, whose duty it was to present all overt immoralities and breaches of the peace to the county courts.

The execution of these duties often brought this officer into conflict with the dissenters from the Established Church, and thus involved the Church in the odium attached to the State, with which it was so blended that the people could not distinguish the one from the other.

I have said that the religious education of the Indian was devolved by Divine Providence upon the Colonial

Church, there having been for more than a century no other church organization in the Colony. Let us see if any thing was done in execution of this high trust. This inquiry will bring to light some facts which have been entirely ignored by general historians, and barely touched by others, in whose eyes kings and queens, knights and gentlemen, merchant princes, and the like, are the prime factors in history. While the kings of England looked upon the Colonies as so many plantations to be worked for their benefit, to put money in their pockets, and furnish places of honor and preferment for their courtiers and satellites, it is also true that the missionary spirit was neither dead nor dormant in England during the colonial era: on the contrary, there were many Christian hearts beating behind this enterprise. Some such as the gallant Earl of Southampton, the Ferrars, Hakluyt, and Sandys, were members of the Virginia Company of London, under whose auspices the Colony of Virginia was founded, and nursed in its infancy. In their view, the chief end of the enterprise was the "plantation of the Church in the New World," wholly given to idolatry, and the diffusion of the light of the Gospel among the Indians, who had so long sat in darkness and the shadow of death. It was their influence which procured the insertion, in the charters and like documents, of those "saving clauses" which redeemed the movement from utter worldliness. These persons took care that sermons should be frequently preached before the Virginia Company, to keep before their minds the truth that the chief end of the enterprise was to plant the banner of the cross in the camp of Satan. In 1609

Crashaw, the father of the poet, preached before the Company a rousing missionary sermon, the first ever preached by a minister of the Church of England to those about to carry her name to the New World. To Lord Delaware, the captain-general, who was present, and about to sail for Virginia, he said in conclusion, "Thy ancestor took a king prisoner on the field of battle with his own hands; but thou shalt take the Devil captive in his own kingdom, and thus the honor of thy house shall be greater at the last than at the first. You are a general of Englishmen, you go to commend Christianity to the heathen: then practise it yourself." Among the sermons of like spirit before the Company, was one by Dr. Symonds, and another by the famed Dr. Donne. The latter said, "You have your charters, seals, and commissions; what you lack is the Holy Ghost. This seals the great seal, and authenticates authority. Without it your patents and commissions will be but feeble crutches; with the breath of the Holy Spirit they will be as wings on which you will fly the faster. Those of you who are young may live to see that you have made this island, which is the suburb of the Old World, a bridge, a gallery, to the New, to join all to that world which shall never grow old, — the kingdom of heaven." Sir William Alexander expressed the missionary feeling in the lines, —

> "In this last age time doth new worlds display,
> That Christ a Church in all the earth may have.
> . . . . . .
> America to Europe may succeed;
> God may of stones raise up to Abram seed."

And our own saintly Church songster Herbert awakened the jealousy of the courtiers of the King by his lines, —

> "Religion stands tiptoe in our land,
> Ready to pass to the American strand."[1]

It was these good men who conceived the idea of founding in Virginia a great university for the education of young men, and "the training of the children of the infidels in religion and civility." The site of the college was Henricopolis, which classical name has degenerated into the vulgar Dutch Gap. The scheme included a high school as a nursery for the university, whose site was to be at Charles City, now City Point. The university was endowed with fifteen thousand acres of James-river bottom-land on both sides of the river from the Falls to Curles Neck. The King was induced to request the Archbishop to have collections taken up in all the dioceses for this end. Dr. King, Bishop of London, collected a thousand pounds. Five hundred pounds were given by one who signed himself "Dust and Ashes." Bibles, prayer-books, plate for baptismal and communion offices, and other donations, flowed into the treasury. A hundred and twenty-five pounds were collected for the school by Copeland, chaplain of an East-Indian ship. Tenants for the college lands, including mechanics, brickmakers, etc., were sent over under the charge of Thorpe, a model Christian man.

This brilliant prospect was blighted in a single hour by

[1] Cotton Mather, in his Magnalia, puts this language and sentiment of Herbert into his prose without acknowledgment.

the massacre by the Indians on the 22d of March, 1622. The whites and the Indians had been living in the kindliest intercourse. The latter up to the eve of the targedy had been going in and out familiarly among the whites, and had even borrowed their boats in maturing the conspiracy, without exciting suspicion. The Indians fell upon the whites like lightning from a clear sky. Upwards of three hundred colonists, including six members of the Council, fell under the tomahawk in a few hours. Of eighty plantations, but eight escaped. But there was one redeeming feature in the tragedy. The colony was saved from utter extirpation by a Christian Indian living with Mr. Pace opposite Jamestown. His Indian brother slept with him that night, and tempted him to kill Mr. Pace. But he quietly slipped out, and informed Mr. Pace, who rowed over the river where it is more than three miles wide, and gave the alarm at Jamestown; and eight plantations were saved. The name of Chanco should be ever green in the memory of every Christian and patriot. A terrible revulsion of feeling ensued; and a cry of vengeance was heard in England and in the colony, in which at least one of the colonial ministers joined. Rev. Mr. Stockton said, "Kindly means for their conversion have failed. I am no statesman, nor love I to meddle with any thing but my books; but I am persuaded, that, if Mars and Minerva go hand in hand, they will do more good in an hour than all your verbal Mercuries (missionaries) in their lives. And until their priests and ancients have their throats cut, there is no hope of their conversion." The company in England instructed the authorities in

Virginia to wage war upon the Indians, without quarter or truce. The authorities in Virginia replied, "We have anticipated your instructions." Mr. Treasurer fell upon the Tappahannocks, Sir George Yardley upon the Weyanokes and Pamunkeys, Capt. West upon the Powhatans, Capt. Madison upon the Potomacks.[1] They burned their towns, destroyed their corn and fishing-nets, and chased them with mastiffs and bloodhounds. Many years elapsed before laws were passed for the better treatment of the aborigines, and the first missionary measure appears upon the statute-book in the following questionable shape. An Act of Assembly, 1665, declares, that, "for every eight wolves' heads brought in by the Indians, they shall have a cow," and adds, "*This may be a step towards making them Christians.*" But, before further steps were taken, the war-clouds rolling dun darkened the horizon, and issued in Bacon's so-called "rebellion," when —

> "Peace and Mercy, banished from the plain,
> Sprung on the viewless winds to heaven again."

Nothing more was done until the Rev. Dr. Blair came to Virginia as the commissary of the Bishop of London. He was the chief instrument in reviving the scheme for building a college, which had been initiated by the General Assembly in 1660–61. I cannot here give in detail the history of William and Mary College, whose success was chiefly owing to the ability, zeal, and untiring energy of Commissary Blair, manifested both in England and in Virginia. It will suffice for my purpose now to say

[1] In Indian names, the orthography of the olden time is retained.

that the end of this institution was affirmed both by the charter and the General Assembly to be, "That the Church in Virginia may be furnished with a seminary of ministers of the Gospel, and for the pious education of young men; but also that the Christian faith may be propagated among the Indians." In 1691 Hon. Robert Boyle left a legacy which was invested in an English estate called Brafferton, and the interest applied to the building in the college green, known as the Brafferton, where Indians were educated until the Revolution. Most of these relapsed into heathenism after returning to their people; a few of them became servants to the English. Gov. Spotswood founded an Indian school on the Meherrin River, called Christanna, under the care of that good man Mr. Griffin. The governor went in person among the Indians, and selected scholars. Hugh Jones, professor at William and Mary, says, in his "History of Virginia," that he had seen as many as seventy pupils there, and that Mr. Griffin was so beloved by the Saponeys that they would have made him their king. But he adds that the school was broken up through "opposition of pride and interest," and Griffin was transferred to the Brafferton professorship in William and Mary. Persons came down in sloops from Maryland, and Virginia planters attended in their coaches, four-in-hand, the first commencement at the college; and the scene was made more picturesque by the presence of Indians. From these scattered items we cannot form a just judgment of the efficacy of the means used for the conversion of the Indians. Sufficient data are wanting, church records being few and far between. The cases

of Pocahontas and Chanco warrant the hope that there may have been many such.

But if these had been the only fruits gathered, they would have been worth far more than the labor expended in their culture. We have seen that the colony was saved from utter extirpation, by the pious offices of one converted Indian. But for his warning, Virginia might have been a French or Spanish province, and the course of history reversed. And Pocahontas not only saved the life of Smith by interposing her own person between him and the uplifted tomahawk, and by timely warnings of impending danger saved the colony from extinction, but her descendants have been leading members of the Church in every generation; and they sit here to-day in the persons of ministers and lay delegates to this Council, of gracious matrons and maids; and her blood runs in the veins of the present honored and Right Reverend Bishop of the Diocese of Virginia. It is curious, that, when Sir Thomas Gates first visited Kecoughtan (Hampton), the Indian commander there was Pochins, the brother of Pocahontas, and that Hampton should have become the site of the present Indian Institute. When, some time ago, the Bishop of this Diocese confirmed a class of Indian youths there, their hearts would doubtless have been stirred with a deeper emotion if they had known that he who laid his hands on their heads was a descendant of the aboriginal ruler of this realm.

THE BLACK RACE.

But I have said that Divine Providence had devolved the religious education of the black race upon the Colonial Church of Virginia.

In considering this subject, it should be borne in mind, that, abhorrent as slavery is to the men of this generation, it was quite otherwise in those days. It had always prevailed in some form in the Old World, and was not limited to the African race. White men were enslaved at that very time by the Moors in Africa. Bishop Cosin of England gave five hundred pounds out of his own purse for the redemption of Englishmen from African slavery. Columbus himself sent to Seville five hundred Indian slaves. Indians were enslaved in New England. Political and other white convicts were sent by England to the colonies, and made slaves for a term of years. One hundred virtuous young English white women were sent from England to Virginia, and sold for wives at the rate of five hundred pounds leaf-tobacco each. But it must be confessed that the African race had been in a peculiar sense the victims of slavery, not only among their own people in Africa, but specially in America. The Portuguese initiated the African slave-trade in the fifteenth century. Isabella and Ferdinand of Spain, Charles V. of Germany, Queen Elizabeth and the Stuart kings of England, encouraged it, and profited by the traffic. The North-American colonists generally objected at first to receiving them, and often afterwards protested against the trade in vain. And one of the counts in the indictments of England in the original

draft of the Declaration of Independence was "the inhuman negative interposed by the mother-country" to the Colonial laws forbidding the slave-trade. The twenty negroes brought to Virginia in 1619 were bartered for provisions, of which the master of the vessel pleaded he was in dire need. The massacre of the whites by the Indians occurred in less than three years after the landing of the negroes. We have a census of the victims of that massacre, and it is remarkable that there is not an African among them. Whether they were spared on account of their color, is not known. We have also a census of the Colonists one year after the massacre; and we find at Flower de Hundred eleven negroes, at James City two negro women, at Isle of Wight four men and one woman, at Basses Choice one man and one woman, at Elizabeth City one man; at Shirley one man had died, leaving just twenty-one negroes. But, what is more interesting, we find at Elizabeth City in the following year, 1624 (incidentally mentioned in the census), that a negro child was baptized, and called William; and what adds to the interest is, that the very next entry is the baptism of an Indian child called William Crashaw, after the preacher whose sermon I have quoted. Now, we have no baptismal registers till forty years after this date, which invests these two entries with special value because they prove, what would otherwise be unknown, that within two years after the massacre an Indian child was baptized, and within a few years after the landing of these heathen negroes one of their children (it may have the first born in the Colony) was taken into the Christian Church. These

significant facts have escaped the notice of all the historians; and they raise the strongest presumption, that, if we had the Church records of this date, we should see that it is not true, as has been so often affirmed, that "no man cared for their souls." This presumption is enhanced by the further fact that our earliest extant baptismal registers, as those of Gloucester, Middlesex, and old Charles Parish, beginning just after 1660, are full of the baptisms of negro children, intermixed with the whites, and often outnumbering them. Another deeply interesting fact, which will surprise many of my hearers, is, that the first man who ever lifted up his voice against the African slave-trade was one of the poor, despised Colonial Clergymen of Virginia. Clarkson awarded this honor to Rev. Morgan Godwyn, even over Bishop Sanderson and Baxter. Godwyn went from Virginia to Barbadoes, where he fought a good fight for the negro and the Indian, in the face of fierce opposition. He wrote a very strong pamphlet in America, entitled "The Negro and the Indian's Advocate," which was printed in London in 1680. He asks if the negro and the Indian, like the barren fig-tree, are smitten with a perpetual curse. He cites with force the case of the Ethiopian in Acts, and of Ebed-melech in Jeremiah. He also published a sermon, and concludes, "Whatever may be the issue, I have delivered my soul; and my work is with the Lord." A curious question was started in Virginia as to the efficacy of baptism, whether it did not operate the emancipation of a slave, — a new phase of the *opus operatum*. His Majesty's solicitor-general in England was consulted on it, and

gave his opinion in the negative. In 1700 the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Whites, the Indians, and the Negroes in the Colonies, was chartered by William and Mary. It was composed of the most eminent men in Church and State in England, and accomplished a great work among the three races in many of the Colonies, especially in South Carolina and the Northern Colonies; but the Church, being established in Virginia, did not partake of its nursing care and protection. One hundred and eighteen sermons were preached before it by English bishops. Its very seal was a sermon. Gibson, Bishop of London in 1727, made a powerful appeal to the ministers and people of the Colonies in behalf of the religious education of the negroes. Ten thousand copies of it were distributed in America, and awakened much interest. There was once a picture in the Colonies, in which were represented the eighteen first-fruits to Christ from the heathen who had died in the faith. They were dressed in their native African costumes, and standing before the throne with palms in their hands, with this inscription: "These are redeemed from among men, being the first-fruits unto God and the Lamb." I do not know what its merits were as a work of art; but the conception is beautiful, and touches the heart.[1] One of the most successful preachers in Virginia to the negroes was that great and good man the Rev. Samuel Davies, whom they delighted to hear, and who thought their singing better than oratorios, or St. Cecilia's Day. The Baptists, and

[1] Since this address was delivered, I have found this picture: it is called "The First-fruits."

the Methodists too, who came much later, had a great attraction for these Africans, and ultimately nearly monopolized them. It is well known, however, that many of the negroes were interested in the services of the Episcopal Church, and worshipped with the families of their owners. Robert (known as King) Carter owned nearly or quite a thousand slaves; and it is an interesting fact, that, when he built the historical church in Lancaster, he reserved one-third of it for his tenants and servants. When old St. Paul's Church in King George was in ruins, and had been forsaken as a place of worship, an old negro woman who had come from Africa in her childhood, and had been instructed in Christianity, and accustomed to attend the church with her mistress, gave a very touching testimonial of her attachment to the service. She used to go alone on Sunday, and sit amid the ruins, and say the prayers and chant the anthems; and, when asked why she did not go with the multitude, replied that it "did her more good to think over the old prayers, and sing the old psalms, than to go in any of the new ways." To my mind, this African woman, thus sitting and singing in the ruins of the old church, was a sublimer spectacle than that of the Roman Marius among the ruins of Carthage, of whom Velleius Paterculus has so touchingly said, —

"Marius aspiciens Carthaginem — illa intuens Marium alter alteri possent esse solatio."

Could this African Church-woman have had a foresight of what our eyes see to-day, — a miniature republic, like a light-house, on the western coast of Africa,

with a Church and Bishop-elect, most of whose pioneer settlers and whose first president were negroes Christianized in Virginia, whose capital, Monrovia, was named from a Virginian slaveholder, — and then, turning her eyes homeward, see thousands of African communicants in the South and in her own Virginia churches, and schools springing up on every side, an Episcopal Theological Seminary for her race in Petersburgh, under the charge of an accomplished white professor, and ordained ministers of her race sitting by the side of their white brethren in council, she would doubtless have chanted the swan-song of Simeon, —

"Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

THE MORAL OF THE STORY.

History is not merely a chronological narrative, a dead thing of names and dates and facts, a body without a soul. It is a living growth, from germ to shoot and stalk and flower and fruit.

The old method of writing history was to distribute it into reigns of kings and queens, and then fit the facts, by a Procrustean process, into these artificial divisions. If I were to pursue this method, I would make a chart, putting at the head of it the names of the kings and queens who reigned over the Colony, marking the date and duration of each reign. Under this line I would place the names of the Bishops of London, with the dates of their jurisdictions. I would then enumerate the parishes and their incumbents, with the date and duration of the ministry of each Clergyman in each

parish. This I have done in a manuscript book for reference. One may improve his memory by mastering all the facts of history, and never learn the lesson they teach. It is like the old method of teaching geometry in the Oldfield schools. The pupil committed to memory a proposition in Euclid as it was written in the book. He came before the blackboard, drew his diagram, and rattled off the words like a parrot, concluding with a triumphant air, *Quod erat demonstrandum.* But, if the master should unhappily change the letters of the alphabet which marked the lines and angles of the diagram, the pupil was covered with confusion. His memory, not his reason, was called into play; and he had learned nothing but words, and had no conception of the principles involved in the proposition. A great master has said that the historian should ask himself questions, set for himself problems, and try and find out what it all means.

The first moral I would deduce from the history of the Colonial Church is, that a Church without a Bishop is not an Episcopal Church at all. An Episcopal Church derives its very name from its characteristic feature, — *episcopos*, Bishop. This office is essential to its being, to its propagation, and to its discipline. Without a Bishop, its baptized members cannot be confirmed, nor can its ministers be ordained. It has no overseeing and directing head, and no centre of unity to fall back upon, and rally its broken ranks. That such a Church should be inefficient was inevitable, and to visit her sins upon her severely is unjust and cruel. Such, practically, was our Colonial Church. To say that we had a Bishop in

London, is little to the purpose, if not a mockery. The Bishop of London never made a single visitation to Virginia in a hundred and seventy-five years. During that long period there was not a confirmation or ordination in Virginia. A Colonial candidate for Orders had to incur the expense and peril of a protracted voyage to England in a frail bark. About one-fifth of all who went over for Orders never returned. Two, returning, perished almost in sight of their haven in New Jersey. One congregation in 1745 sent over a candidate, who was ordained, and, on returning, was lost at sea. They sent another in 1752, and he died on his passage from England. The same congregation sent a third (1757), who was taken by the French, and died a prisoner at Bayonne. They sent a fourth (1759), who was seized by small-pox in London, and barely escaped with his life. The famous Devereux Jarratt was near dying of the same disease in London when he went for Orders. Many promising young men, graduates of colleges, who would have taken Orders in our Church if we had had a Bishop, entered other ministries rather than encounter the peril and delay and expense of going to London. Under such circumstances it was impossible to supply our pulpit with a native ministry; and the people, who would not be without the offices of the Church, were constrained to tolerate many ministers who left their country for their country's good. In the words of a chronicler of the time (Hammond), "Many came who wore black coats, could babble in the pulpit, and roare in the tavern." Rather than entertain such ministers, many parishes preferred lay readers. Jamestown was

without an ordained minister for twenty-five years. Hence the vestries generally refused to present ministers to the governor for induction, which would have fastened the minister on the parish for life. Their only protection was, to hire them from year to year, and then put them upon their good behavior. This was a perpetual cause of strife between ministers and vestries, and of complaint by the Clergy to the governors and to the Bishops of London. They complained that the vestries were their masters. They called the lay readers "leaden lay priests" of the vestries' ordination. Bishop Wilberforce and others have echoed the plaints of the Clergy; but the truth is, that, in the absence of a Bishop and of conventions with legislative powers, these were measures of self-defence.

As an historical fact, the Bishop of London had no legal jurisdiction in the Colonies.

The Colonial governors were ordered not to suffer a minister to officiate in the plantations without a license from the Bishop of London, as a matter of convenience, several of these having been members of the Virginia Company in London. When, in 1679, the king, in a fit of favoritism, gave Virginia to Lord Culpepper, the patent included absolute power over the Church, without *any reference to the Bishop of London.* When Bishop Gibson acceded to the See of London, in 1725, he consulted the attorney-general, who reported that *jurisdiction in the Colonies did not legally belong to any Bishop in England.* He refused to act until he was empowered by a patent. But the patent was limited to his person, and expired with his life, and was never renewed; so

that he was the only Bishop that ever had lawful jurisdiction in Virginia. This is a specimen of the "nursing care and protection" of our "nursing fathers and mothers" in England. Among the many ills flowing from our want of a Bishop is the following fact, but little known. Virginia should be credited for special kindness to the Huguenot refugees, and to German Protestants who sought an asylum in her bosom. The Huguenots were given lands on James River, and had special privileges conferred upon them by the General Assembly. Like favors were bestowed upon the Germans at Gov. Spotswood's iron-works at Germanna, *the site of the first iron-furnace in America.* The Germans were Lutheran. Their minister was very old, and they wished to have a young man to aid and succeed him. They petitioned the Bishop of London to ordain a minister, and to send over with him the liturgy of the Church of England translated into high Dutch, which they wished to use in their public service. Nothing more was heard of this petition. These Germans moved to Madison County, and built the antique church now standing in good condition. The funds for building the church, and for buying a large pipe-organ, now in use, were collected by a special agent in Europe. The subscribers entered their names in a book, with the sums given; and many of them added some sentiment. It is a curious literary *melange* of diverse languages and dialects, — Latin, French, and German, Dutch and English. Some of the subscribers were eminent in the Church and in the State and in colleges. The date is 1736. *I have that book now.* If we had had a Bishop,

or if this petition had been heeded in London, we might have had to-day a flourishing German Episcopal Church in Virginia.

Another moral which this story teaches is, that proscription for religious opinion is not only wrong in principle, but an egregious blunder in policy. Christendom was a long time in finding out that religion is not the mere bending of the knee to authority, but the allegiance of the mind and heart to what seems to be the truth. From the time of Constantine it had been held throughout Christendom, that Christian princes were bound to defend and enforce the faith with the secular arm. The Reformation recognized this duty in the civil magistrate, and all Christians when dominant acted on this principle. Romanists proscribed Protestants, and the latter when in the ascendant retaliated.

The Church of England proscribed Protestant dissenters, and the latter entered into a "solemn league and covenant" to extirpate Episcopacy from the earth. The Colonial authorities in Virginia punished with fine and imprisonment dissenters from the Establishment who would not avail themselves of the provisions of the Act of Toleration. The Puritans in New England deprived Episcopalians, Baptists, and Quakers of the right of suffrage, — of the liberty of worshipping God according to their consciences, — forbade the use of the Prayer-Book and the keeping of Christmas, and put some Quakers to death. In the words of the Baptist chronicler (Leland), "The dragon roared in Virginia, but he was not red; no *blood for religious opinion ever stained our soil.*"

From the way in which the subject is sometimes treated, one would infer that religious persecution in Virginia was something exceptional, — a sin not seen elsewhere, and never to be forgiven or forgotten. The fact is ignored, that Episcopal ministers in Virginia who felt themselves bound in conscience to pray for the King were punished; as in the case of Rev. Mr. Macrae of Cumberland, who was knocked down in the night, tied, and scourged nigh unto death, and Mr. Boucher, who passed through a mob, pistol in hand, to his pulpit. These men were wrong in their opinions, but they were sufferers for conscience' sake. Patrick Henry protested against the outrage upon Macrae, and Washington respected Boucher. Men were a long time finding out, that, while power may force outward conformity, love is the only key which can unlock the human heart. Individuals among the primitive Fathers, and moderns like Locke and Jeremy Taylor, saw the truth; but they were voices crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." But even Taylor, like the Marylanders, did not embrace in his charity infidels who denied the foundations of the faith. To us it seems incredible that any one could find the Inquisition in the Gospel, and persecute their brethren in the name of a God who is love, and commands us to love one another. Every thing which obscures love is doomed to disappear. Charity is, after all, the highest mark of the true Church.

CHURCH AND STATE.

Another lesson which this story teaches is, that the union of Church and State is an unnatural union, "the

direful spring of woes unnumbered." We may liken it, as Sheridan did the coalition between Fox and Lord North, to the conjunction of certain planets which were supposed to shed a disastrous influence upon the earth. Among other ills, it was the cause of our not having a Colonial Bishop, and also of the odium brought upon the Church by its leaning upon the secular arm. If the Church of England had been free, she would have organized the Church in Virginia when we had such men as Hunt and Whittaker for the office of a Bishop, and when there was no other religious organization in the land to oppose it. But the Church of England had no power on the premises. Bishops were nominated ostensibly by the king, but really by the prime minister, who was governed by the political effect of such measures. Dissenters held the balance of power, and most politicians courted their favor. Dissenters were opposed to the appointment of Bishops in the Colonies, not only upon sectarian grounds, but also because Bishops were associated in their minds with the "Star Chamber" and "Courts of High Commission," which had long been engines of oppression in England. The appeals of the Colonists for a Bishop were piteous enough to have moved a heart of stone. There never was, they said, so large a country, with so many Christians in it, without a Bishop. "Do, we implore you, take away our reproach among the enemies of our Church." The Roman Catholics had a Bishop in Canada. The Moravians had a Bishop. The staff of the Spanish Church in America consisted, as early as 1649, of six Archbishops and thirty-two Bishops, while the Church of England had not one.

Clarendon induced Charles II. to appoint a Bishop for Virginia; and Dr. Murray, the king's companion in exile, was nominated, and the patent made out by the lord keeper (Bridgeman). But Bridgeman was removed before the measure was perfected. When Commissary Blair begged the attorney-general to consider that "the Americans had souls to be saved, as well as Englishmen," Seymour replied, "Souls? D— your souls! make tobacco." Of the famous "Cabal Ministry" (so called because the initials of their names spelled that word), one was an atheist, one a deist, one a Roman Catholic, and one a Presbyterian; and this composite cabinet controlled the appointment of Bishops. In Queen Anne's time the measure was once more on the eve of consummation, but was frustrated by her death.

The Dissenters had a standing committee to agitate against Colonial Bishops. Bishops Butler, Gibson, and Secker thought they had devised a scheme which would remove the objections of the Dissenters; but it came to nought. Nothing could better illustrate the temper of the politicians than the treatment of the saintly Dr. Berkeley by the wily Walpole. Berkeley had procured a private subscription fund of five thousand pounds for a college in America for the education of Indians. The British Government had given him a charter, and promised to add twenty thousand pounds to the endowment. Berkeley came to Newport, and waited several years for the money. In the mean time he built a house, now standing. He spent his time in writing his "Minute Philosopher," and composed the poem beginning, —

"Westward the course of empire takes its way."

Becoming weary of waiting, he induced Bishop Gibson to call upon Walpole, and demand an explicit answer. Walpole said to Gibson, "If you ask me as prime minister, I say the money should be surely paid; but if you ask me as a friend, I advise Dr. Berkeley by all means to give up his present expectations." I need not recite the history of the subject further.

The dissatisfaction of Churchmen in America at the frivolous indifference of the British ministry, and the rising spirit of independence among the people generally, stimulated by a feeling which culminated in the "Stamp Act," made any further agitation of the subject so inexpedient that even a convocation of the Virginia Clergy voted against it, and received the thanks of the General Assembly, which was composed chiefly of Churchmen. It has been said by several historians, upon the authority of Mr. Jefferson, that, at the time of the Revolution, Dissenters outnumbered Churchmen two to one. Jefferson afterwards (vol. i. p. 31) reduced his conjecture to a bare majority. His biographer, Professor Tucker, treats both estimates as clearly erroneous. William C. Rives, in his "Life and Times of James Madison," says the opinion of Mr. Madison is doubtless more to be relied on. "The proportion of Dissenters was considerably less than one-half of those who professed themselves members of any church." Mr. Saunders, the eminent lawyer of Williamsburgh, says, "It is manifest, from the history of the day and from the legislative proceedings, that the great majority of the representatives who dissolved Church and State were Episcopalians, and that they clung to the Church as long as they

could." This will explain the gradual dissolution of Church and State. The Bill of Rights, which, Mr. Grigsby says, contains in essence the history in miniature of England's struggle for liberty, struck the first blow. Then followed acts suspending, from time to time, the salaries of ministers; then the Act of Incorporation, open to all Christians; then propositions for a general assessment for support of religion, for the benefit of all sects alike, which was defeated by a remonstrance prepared by Madison at the instance of Mason and Nicholas; then, in 1799, the act repealing all laws since the Revolution touching church property.

Bishop Meade compared the roll of delegates with the vestry-books, and said nearly the whole of them were vestrymen. It is certain that the president (Pendleton) and draughtsmen of the Revolution, the chairman of the committee of the whole (Cary), its mover (Nelson), and its leading advocate (Henry) were.

The great work of the Convention was the Bill of Rights and the first written Constitution. The masterspirit of the Convention was George Mason, who drew the famed Declaration of Rights, which declares that "Religion is the duty we owe to our Creator, and the manner of discharging it can be directed only by reason and conviction, and not by force; and therefore all men are equally entitled to the free exercise of religion, according to the dictates of conscience." The word "toleration" was stricken out of the original draught on motion of Mr. Madison. The Convention expunged from the liturgy the prayer for the king, appointed Patrick Henry governor, and surrounded him with a

council consisting of the following vestrymen: John Page, Dudley Digges, Jno. Taylor, John Blair, Benjamin Harrison of Berkeley, Benjamin Harrison of Brandon, Charles Carter of Shirley, Edmund Randolph attorney-general. It has been the habit of some writers, to represent the Episcopalians as struggling in a body to save the Establishment. This is an error and an injustice. The contests in the Legislature were between Churchmen and Churchmen. Patrick Henry and Pendleton and Nicholas tried to save something from the wreck. Churchmen like Mason and Madison were leaders in securing religious freedom. Nicholas joined with Mason in asking Madison to prepare the remonstrance which defeated the assessments. The last tie was severed by the confiscation of the glebes in 1802, — a measure which would have been decided to be unconstitutional, but for the sudden death of Pendleton with the opinion of the court in his pockets. The present speaker thinks that the confiscation of the glebes was right, they having been paid for by a tax on all the people.

I would not pluck one laurel from the brow of any champion of civil and religious liberty. The leaders, as Washington, Mason, the Lees, etc., were members of the Church of England. But the Dissenters, whose necks were galled, spurred the leaders to a quicker pace, giving an onward motion to the car; while the Conservatives kept it from running off the track.

I will now try and sum up the whole subject in a bold figure.

In the Scandinavian mythology, the human family is likened to a tree, which is called "Igdrasil," the ash-

tree of existence. Carlyle admired the metaphor very much, as if it had been original. It is a favorite figure in the Bible, where it is applied to individuals, dynasties, and races. A good man is likened to a tree by the water-side, that will bring forth its fruit in due season; a prosperous wicked man, to a spreading green bay-tree. The prophets use it profusely. Ezekiel, by a very bold metaphor, compares the Assyrian to a cedar of Lebanon whose height rose above all the trees of the field, and there was not one like to it in its beauty. It was made great by the waters running around its roots, and under its manifold boughs and wide-spreading branches the nations came and dwelt. Daniel has the same figure of a tree whose top touched heaven, and was seen to the ends of the earth. Encouraged by such examples, I venture to give a new application to the figure. As I have meditated upon the history of Virginia and of our fatherland, in my fond fancy I seemed to see it rise before me in the form of a grand old Druidical oak, with its original Celtic root in the caves of the old Britons, grafted in succession by Gothic, Anglo-Saxon, and Norman shoots, fertilized by a stream of culture whose spring was Athens, and by another stream whose fountain was in Jerusalem, both conveyed in Roman aqueducts. By a marvellous power of assimilation, it incorporated all these heterogeneous elements into one homogeneous growth. It gradually and grandly rose through the centuries, stretching forth its weather-beaten arms to the peltings of the pitiless ravages of time, war, flood, and fires of persecution; and yet it survived, and brought forth fruit, — good fruit and evil fruit. Civil

excrescences disfigured it, superstitious mistletoes fastened and fed upon its vitals; and yet it grew great men and great measures, — Magna Charta, Bill of Rights, Trial by Jury, Habeas Corpus, and the like, — every bud a book, every leaf a literature, every bough a biography. As in Daniel's figure a great eagle with great wings came and plucked off the twigs from the topmost bough, and transplanted them in a land of traffic in a good soil by great waters; so, in the fulness of time, offshoots from the old oak were transplanted all along the coast of America, and first here in Virginia. In the virgin soil of the New World they struck their roots deeply, and grew vigorously for nearly two hundred years, reproducing the like phenomena, with civil excrescences, superstitious mistletoe, and also great men and great measures. But when the hour had struck in heaven, as in the case of Daniel's tree, the watcher came down from heaven, and cried with a loud voice, "Hew down the tree, but leave the root; and when seven times have passed, when iniquity is broken off, and mercy is showed the poor, and men know that the Heavens do rule, the dew shall fall upon it, and it shall grow again." So the axe was laid to our tree; and it tottered under blows reluctantly struck by loving hands, for seven years, before its final fall. But the root was left; and from it has sprung our Liberty Tree, bearing freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of religion.

> "Welcome, great Century of Liberty,
> Thou fairest daughter of slow-teeming Time!"

This is our century-plant, which has interlocked its

branches with all the other transplants which together cover the continent, and afford shade and shelter and food for all the nations. And they have come, and are coming, — Europe, Asia, and Africa.

The world has never witnessed an emigration like that to America, since the first dispersion of mankind. They are swarming in a tide as resistless and unreturning as the travellers to eternity. "Those who are left behind seem to feel a melancholy restlessness, like a bird whose wing is crippled at the season of migration; and a voice like that heard before the final destruction of Jerusalem seems to cry in their ears, Arise, let us depart hence." These heterogeneous peoples of every clime, kindred, and tongue, mingling together, like the disintegration of different rocks, ought to make a richer soil for a greater growth in the future than has been seen in the past. The time may come when it may overspread South America, and one pulse and one spirit circulate from the Arctic to the Antarctic Circle, and America realize the dream of Cromwell for England, and become the grand *propaganda de fide* for the inhabited world, sending back a refluent tide of Christian people speaking all tongues to the ends of the earth.

But what became of the vine that leaned upon the old tree for support? When the old tree around which it was twined fell, it was torn from its embrace, trailed upon the ground, and trampled in the dust, until it was thought that the life was crushed out of her. And men took up the lamentation of the Psalmist, — "Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt: Thou hast cast out the heathen, and planted it. . . . She sent out her boughs

unto the sea, and her branches unto the river. Why hast Thou then broken down her hedges, so that all they which pass by the way do pluck her? . . . Look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine. . . . It is cut down. . . . Let Thy hand be upon the man of Thy right hand, upon the son of man whom Thou madest strong for Thyself. . . . Quicken us, and we will call upon Thy name." And the prayer was heard. So soon as it was remembered that the source of vitality was not the State, but the Christ, — "I am the vine, ye are the branches," — the life-current began to flow, and "the vine revived like the corn, grew like the barley; its scent was as of the wine of Lebanon, to say nothing of occasional feasts upon the 'clusters of Eshcol.'"

To drop this long-drawn figure, and come down to plain prose, let me say, that, as our Church no longer leans upon the secular arm, but is self-supporting, — clothed only with the armor of God, the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, with her feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace, — we may humbly hope that she, as a part of the sacramental host of God's elect, may win victories against the rulers of the darkness of this world, if not upon so grand a scale, yet like those which the primitive Church won on the fields of Europe, Asia, and Africa, when she first was free.

Fifteen hundred years of civil and religious despotism, and one hundred years of liberty, have prepared our weak eyes for the new transfiguration, when, — as the sun, as he rises, draws up the vapors till they hide his face, and at noon scatters them, revealing the landscape

in its beauty, — so the "fulness of the Godhead" in Jesus shall blaze through the veil of flesh, chase away the vapors with which the passions of men have clouded His face, and He shall be recognized as the central Sun of the universe, before whom all creatures in heaven and earth shall bow, and "every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

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